Chillon, (Lake of Geneva,) Sept. 4, 1867.

My darling Wife:

This is a memorable day to me, it being the thirty-third anniversary of our marriage. Sitting by the side of this indescribably beautiful lake, and within hailing distance of the famous but hideous old prison (a thousand years old) which Byron has immortalized in verse, I have had my thoughts running back to the hour when our epistolary correspondence first began — to the many happy hours we spent together in loving courtship — to the marriage scene and ceremony at Brooklyn under the roof of your revered parents, and all who were then present, with our beloved friend Samuel J. May to tie a knot legally which we had already in heart and spirit tied indissolubly — to the birth of our first-born, with all its thrilling associations, and that of our other dear children — to the sad removal by death of our darling Charley and Lizzie — to the various scenes and vicissitudes through which we have been called to pass — down to the present hour, with the wide Atlantic between us — I seeking recreation for a brain long severely tasked, and recuperation for my physical system so much injured last year by my

unfortunate falls; and you confined at home by par-

alysis, yet serene and patient in your helplessness, but none the less yearning in spirit to have the hour of reunion arrive, that we may again be by each other's side, and with Fanny and Frank to join us in the gladsome event. I have gratefully remembered what a loving, faithful, helpful wife you have been to me, always doing for me whatever affection could suggest, and contriving to economise in every way in view of my limited means; in the darkest and most perilous days of the Anti-Slavery struggle never once intimating a wish that I would yield somewhat to the pressure of an inflamated public sentiment as a matter of prudence, but always ready to stand by me in accordance with my convictions of duty. With similar feelings of gratitude, I have remembered what a mother you have been to your children — so exemplary, so affectionate, so devoted, so unwearied in efforts to see them supplied with all needful comforts, and to make our home "the dearest spot of all the earth" to them, as it has ever proved to be. You are entitled to be crowned among the best of wives, among the most loving of mothers. With my benediction resting upon you, I pray that you may yet be restored to the use of your limbs, and that your declining years may be full of cheerfulness and peace.

The last letters received from you and Wil-
liam were dated August 11th. They came just in sea-
son to enable me to decide, without any misgiving, to
remain on this side of the Atlantic until the 25th of
October, seeing Switzerland and the Rhine, &c. The as-
surances they contained as to the improving state of
your paralytic side gave us all fresh hope and joy.
Of course we do not mean to cherish too sanguine
expectations for the future in regard to your case, lest
disappointment may follow; nevertheless, the signs of
change for the better as narrated by yourself and Mary-
Ann, (whose kind and affectionate letter I will reply
to by another mail, and whose regard for you and
me has been shown in so many ways,) are of the
most encouraging kind. The letters all came at the
time of the Paris Conference. As to the Conference,
I can only say, now that it excited no local interest
or curiosity, no reporters being present for any of
the daily papers, excepting Galignani's, which contained
only a brief report of the proceedings. There were but
two sessions, and most of the speaking was in the
French dialect, and, therefore, unintelligible to me. Even
Hon. John G. Palfrey made his remarks in French, to the
disappointment of such of the audience (about one third)
as understood the English language. The venerable
Duke de Broglie (too old to be present) was made
Honorary President, and Prof. Laboulaye Acting Presi-
dent. Both Laboulaye and M. Cochin spoke in an
admirable manner, and paid me and other Ameri-
can Abolitionists handsome tributes for our labors in
the Anti-Slavery cause. Any allusion to me was al-
ways responded to in a very flattering manner, but
no resolution was proposed in reference to the peculiarity

because
of my case, — probably the whole affair was managed by the Committee of the British and Foreign A. S. Society. I spoke once, for about forty minutes, and what I said was well received by those who understood English. I think Frank sent William two copies of Emancipator, doubtless, the London A. S. Reporter for October will contain a pretty full account of the proceedings. It was a great oversight on the part of those having the matter in trust, not to have had a competent reporter present.

We all left Paris a week ago to-night, (Thursday,) taking the night train for Geneva, where we arrived at 11 o'clock next morning. At early dawn we entered the defiles of the Jura mountains, and during the remainder of our ride feasted our eyes upon the wildest, most picturesque and sublime scenery we had ever witnessed. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, (the latter a sister of Sarah Pillsbury, and bearing a very close resemblance,) and Richard D. Webb, (who came to the Conference with Miss Estlin, of Bristol,) accompanying us, and who are still with us — making our party quite a delightful one. I have no time or room for particulars of what we have seen. At Chamounix we were very near Mont Blanc, the Mer de Glace, and other famous localities. We made two lofty ascensions on the backs of mules, and rode on the same for twenty-two miles on Tuesday from Chamounix to Chillon over a mountainous range, our passing in wildness and grandeur anything I have ever dreamed of. It is all witchery and enchantment every step of the way. We are just leaving for Vevey, Lausanne, Berne, and Interlaken. The last named place we shall probably reach to-morrow, where we shall remain at least a week, and where we hope to get letters from home. No letters from Harry. He hopes to meet us at Interlaken.